THE REBELLION IN COVEN GARDEN.

OR,

The Rumour of Treachery intended against the City:
Being the cause of the Arising of the Train-Bands upon
Twelfth day at night.
With a Relation of the Kings love shewed both to the Parliament and City of *London.*

Printed for *Thomas Bates*, dwelling in Old Baily. 1642.

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THE REBELLION, IN COVEN GARDEN.

WIse *Philosophers*, considering of the nature of man, and namely, the far reach and infinite compasse of the works of the minde, they were forced to confesse that man was scarce able to know himself, from whence arose this saying, *Maximum miraculum est homo, sed maximum miraculum est sapiens homo*, Man in himself as he is man, is a great miracle, but a wise, understanding, religious man, is a miracle of miracles. But whence is such a man to be found, the Poet will tell you.

Haud sapiens è millibus unus.

You shall scarce finde a wise man amongst a thousand.

And yet in these our times, never too much to be lamented, he is accounted as the *ipse*

onely wise man which will but affirm the words of his factious neighbour to be true, although they tend almost to the destruction of a Kingdome.

Tush, wisemen now are plenty, you shall finde them almost in every Tub, but such wisedome leads not to the *summum bonum*, true felicitie. Having now opened a gate not hindred by a percullis, give me licence without Musket shot to enter into the City.

Upon Thursday being the sixth of *January*, about the midst of the night, great cry was up and down the City, as if some forraigne enemy had been coming presently to assault it, whereupon the Drums presently beat up, and Train-Bands commanded to arise to their Armes, who being not long before so much overcome by sleep, that they scarce knew the place where their legs were But at length hearing the thundring of Drums, they committed themselves to the protection of a brace of Bullets, and so out they came, commanding their wives to hang Lanterns out, that each man might know the way to his own house again.

In a short time they were all ready either

to

to defend or offend: the cauſe of which preparation was briefly thus.

In the *Common Garden* were divers Gentlemen merrily drinking healths, and had in company with them three Drummers, who did ſtrike up every time a health was pledged. Theſe ſparkiſh Gentlemen did drink ſo long healths, that at the length their brains began to be ſick, and they (like ſome others) went about to do one another miſchief they knew not wherefore, the wine did ſo much enflame their bloods, that their ſole deſires were to open one anothers veins: Whereupon they drew their ſwords, and pell mell at it they went. The claſhing of whoſe ſwords being heard into the ſtreet, ſpeedy news was caried to the City, that the Rebels of *Coven Garden* were coming to aſſault the City, which was the cauſe of their ſpeedie ariſing: the Percullis of each Gate being let down, onely to reſcue of a few drunken men ſwaggering amongſt themſelves, who were ſuppoſed to go into Rebellion.

Whereby we may gather, that the wiſeſt men may ſometimes be deceived: the Train Bands waited untill morning, without any

oppoſition. Alſo there were certain Horſes which were prepared for *Ireland*, but the City was fearfull leſt they ſhould have been that night emploied againſt them, but there was no ſuch matter, nor by the aſſiſtance of God never ſhall be, he being feared, and the King obeyed. The King obeyed, I ſay, who hath been ſo juſt and gracious a Soveraigne towards his Subjects: Wherefore I pray that as the King hath dealt royally by his Subjects, that his Subiects deal not diſloyally with him, denying him that when he deſires, whereas if he pleaſe he may command.

Regum eſt,
Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos.

As it is the part of a King to ſhew clemencie to his loyall Subiects, ſo is it likewiſe to curbe the inſolencie of the inſulting foes.

Were eloquent *Cicero* now living, he might have as iuſt cauſe as he had before, to cry out,

O Tempora O mores.

Let but *England* conſider aright, and it muſt confeſſe, that never Kingdome was bleſt with a more peaceable King; and again

again I really beleeve that never more perplexed in governing a Kingdome then he hath been.

What King could have given more priviledge to a *Parliament* than He? and what Kings patience was ever more abuſed then his? O terrifie not the Princely Lyon too much, for then will his wrath be hard to be appeaſed: Remember the word of the Pſalmiſt, *Touch not my Anointed*, that is to do him no either by word or deed, and then the ſequel is, *nor do my Prophets any harm.* Mark that you that are given to cavill at the Clergie, and delight in nothing more but to rob *Levi* of his.

All you which are of the houſe of the Lord pray for King CHARLES, ſtand up in his cauſe, but let them be cloathed with ſhame and confuſion which are againſt him. This is the prayer of him which is neither Papiſt, nor Separatiſt, but feares God being a Proteſtant, and vows to obey King CHARLES as a Subiect.

FINIS.